

The Saturday Evening Post

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHARMS OF THE FAIR.

Like the star-rays that beam
On the blush of the rose;
Like the fanciful dream
In the noontide repose;
Like the moon's mellow ray
On the red cherry's hue;
Like the dawn of the day
To the mariner's view—
Is the rich rosy smile on the lips of the fair,
The bloom of the cheek, and the solace of care!

Like the gold-gilded sky
At the evening's close;
Like the ruby-red dye
Of the opening rose;
Like the tulip beside
The white lily that bleeds;
Like the rosy-rich pride
Of the ripening peach—
Is beauty's bright blush on the face of young love,
The type of the virtue of angels above!

Like a star 'neath the waves
In a perilous night;
Like the violet that laves
In the dawn's dewy light;
Like the blue-bell when hung
With the drops of the show'ry;
Like the chilly frost flung
On the sensitive flower—
Is the bright eye of woman dissolving in tears;
Oh! then she's most lovely and charming appears!

MILFORD, DEL.
FAREWELL TO HOME.

Farewell to every pleasant scene,
Farewell to all thy joys green,
Where oft I delighted to roam,
Near home.

Farewell to you, sweet flowers,
Farewell to all thy charms,
And you, my happy home,
Near home.

Farewell to friendship dearest,
Farewell to love sincere,
And those my heart revere,
Near home.

Long, long, shall memory turn to you,
And fancy oft to scenes review,
While I with cheerfulness pursue
My duty.

TO —
Whist far upon the ocean's wave,
Thy fairy form still dwells with me,
Still, while the dashing surges lave
My bark, I'll fondly think of thee.

The winds may blow their rudest blast,
And sink my vessel in the sea,
The fabled fish descend the mast,
They cannot change my love for thee.

Though through remotest climes I rove,
Where'er Fortune leads me, I will find,
Where'er I roam, where'er I move,
I'll think alone of love and thee.

If fate should doom a watery grave,
Far, far beneath the fanning wave,
My heart, amid the closing sea,
Shall beat its latest throbs for thee.

ORASMUN.
MEMORY.

When gentle evening's shades appear,
And zephyrs waft along the grove,
Thou sweetest memory comes to cheer,
And brings to mind the scenes we love.

Oh! by its charm to think is pain,
Of all the friends in early days;
Takes the Harp's soft positive strain,
To strike its accents in their praise.

Its every touch recalls to mind
The happy days that fled in youth;
Its strains that warble in the wind
Secure us in the bonds of truth.

Then memory may thee ever bloom
On friends of late the same as early days,
And when it withers in the tomb,
The Harp again shall sound thy praise.

My Father.
On the Death of an affectionate Father.

Art thou forever from us fled,
To dwell among the silent dead,
And pillow on the earth thy head,
My Father?

We feel a grief no tongue can tell,
Sorrow within our bosoms swell
To lose thee whom we loved so well,
My Father.

Our loss to thee is greatest gain—
Sorrow, affliction, care, and pain,
Shall never be known by thee again,
My Father.

'Twas all thy hope whilst here below—
'Twas all thy joy this truth to know,
That Jesus' blood for thee did flow,
My Father.

'Twas thy delight to point the way
To works of bright and endless day,
And for thy children's welfare pray,
My Father.

'Twas thy fond wish to soothe the woe
That miseries children only know,
And gleams of hope around them throw,
My Father.

The sorrow-soothing tear was shed
When thou wert numbered with the dead,
And thy blest spirit upward sped,
My Father.

Nature must weep, but hope's bright beam
Through tears of grief is often seen,
When Christians on their Jesus lean,
My Father.

Life's pilgrimage with thee is o'er,
Thy bark has reach'd that blissful shore
Where joys for thee were kept in store,
My Father.

A blessed promise God has given,
That those whose sins are here forgiven,
Shall reunite again in Heaven,
My Father.

Philad. Feb. 14, 1856. I. E. M.

Written some time since on a favorite grove,
After the one to whom it is addressed had left
The immediate neighborhood of it.

TO MARY—
Oh! shall I haunt thy favourite grove,
As oft I'll sit beneath thy shade;
There I've carol'd my fondest love,
There I've beheld my beautiful maid.

'Twas then, my favourite, thou hadst charms,
But ah! those charms have ceased to be;
'Twas then I clasped her in my arms,
Then fondly kiss'd her dear to me.

I'll haunt thee yet at evening still,
Though her sweet voice I cannot hear,
I'll hearken to her whispering will,
Whose notes strike softly on my ear.

Yes, gentle songster! with delight,
I'll listen to thy evening song;
It cheers my heart in gloomy night,
Recalls to mind scenes past and gone.

Oh, happy scenes! could willows speak,
They'd oft relate where we have met;
They'd tell I've fondly kiss'd that cheek;
But ah! that sun long since has set.

No more upon that brow I gaze,
No more behold those eyes depart;
But yet I dwell on future days,
When I may hold thee to my heart.

OSCAR.
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

OBADIAH SHAMEFACE'S EPISTLE,
No. 3.

Messrs. Editors:—The other morning, having
been as usual at my toilet for a considerable
length of time, and while I was in the most
important part, that of adjusting a new cravat
elegantly embroidered, in puffed out my
new acquaintances (Jack Spiggle,) who by
the way has acted as Gentleman Usher in
introducing me into the most easy and agreeable
society of the principle still needed blades who
parade the streets of our city.

He seated himself on a chair opposite a look-
ing-glass, exclaiming at the same time, "good
morning to you, Ob!" (he always shortens my
name for familiarity sake,) "you honor I'm
just in the nick of time—a little tighter Ob!"
(alluding to my cravat,) "that knot must be
smoother—the breast pin must be placed in a
conspicuous situation—well now you look
something like—really I have wrought a won-
derful metamorphosis.—The plain, modest,
unassuming, candid, abrupt 'green horn',
is transformed into a genteel, forward, well
dressed gentleman. By Jupiter! Ob, you are
ready to sail forth in Chestnut street with
all the grace of a 'knowing one.' "Quite so
I answered. "I was a little tight, lost two
games of cards—won one of billiards—swept
the board—last night—fash it was warm work
—beat Charley Butterfield all hollow he was
trying, I spoke, to make the balls jingle better
than his verses, but he was done up—can't go
—how was you didn't play Ob?" and
without waiting for a reply, continued, "broke
up at two—insulted the watchman—called for
a hack—went home—to bed—dreamed of be-
ing in the watch house—waked before I saw
the Mayor—God! we were very near going
though—but where were you?"—At home I
replied. "Umph! Ob, that won't do—you
must learn to speak it better—but I must be
gone—got to call on a new arrival—a country
cousin—you shall be introduced to her—back
eyes—putting lips—only a little pinkish
and she's just the thing—I'll warrant in three
weeks she'll be the toast of the club—go
home and turn up her nose at the young clods
—tell 'em they're awkward as oxen—come
up to town again and flirt excessively—good
morning!"—and out he went. It was some
time before I could arrange my ideas after
Jack departed, he is one of those admirable
characters, who talk by fits and starts, jump
from one subject to another like a grasshopper.
He is a mimic by the ladies, envied by
the gentlemen, and I stand a fair chance of
being envied also by the attention he pays
me. But now, Sirs, notwithstanding all my
fashionable acquaintances, I don't find that I
am more respected by the sober class of
people; in fact, they say "Obadiah is a sad
lad indeed, not the modest, polite young man
he was some time ago; he's going to destruction."
But then I suppose I mustn't mind those
sayings, as the persons who utter them are
prejudiced; never enjoyed any thing like life
themselves, and think nobody else must—
Jack says they're perfect bore; laughs at his
society when she gently chides him, argues
with his father, and calls them both a couple
of old fools. Now this may be right, but it
seems very queer to me, as I always paid a
great deal of respect to my parents. The un-
favorable opinion of my advancement seems
to have spread to the country. I cannot bet-
ter show you, than by giving you a letter
from a relation of mine who wished to come
to the city but was prevented by his mother.

It runs thus:

"CORINUS OBADIAH—I got your letter last
week, telling me of the sights in the city, and
how you went to the balls, and the theatre,
and all them there places; and how you had
improved in your manners, so that when I
had got done reading of it, I thought, be-
lieve me, I could get some polish too, and meet your
club of 'choice bloods,' as you call 'em,
where I might, maybe, learn how to 'cut a
figure' in your streets, and captivate the
pretty girls. So I went and told mother that
I was tired of thrashing out grain, and going
to mill, and chopping wood, and that you
said no gentleman ever done such like things,
that it made their hands rough, their feet too
big, and made 'em look too healthy, and that
I should be laughed at if I come to town and
talked about farming; and don't you think
Cousin Obadiah, she told me, you knowed
nothing at all about the matter, and that you
was rather a simple kind of a fellow, trying to
look like a dandy, and thereby making your-
self a greater fool than you was, and indeed
you was a big enough one before. But I told

her she was mistaken—no, says she, I said;
I know what it is to go to town; I spoke you
all, and so I shall keep you at home till you
get a little more judgment. I declare, Cousin
Obadiah, I thought mother had more sense;
I had a great mind to tell her she was getting
old, but I thought it wouldn't do. How can
I get mother to let me come to town, for I
hate farming, and want to be a gentleman like
yourself? Your loving Cousin,

AARON BACKWARD.

I showed Aaron's letter to Jack, who laugh-
ed heartily at his mother, said she was a foolish
old woman, and that Aaron would make a
fine fellow.

Yet after all I sometimes really believe I
was born when the moon was in an unfortu-
nate quarter, as I meet with (notwithstanding
my advancement,) many persons who turn
up their lips at me, and whisper loud enough
to be heard, "there goes a top." But I will
try not to mind those things, as the persons
who utter them are generally unfashionable,
and I have the consolation to think that there
are some who still admire.

Yours sincerely,
OBADIAH SHAMEFACE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA DISPLAYED.

At this moment a loud noise, as of many per-
sons disputing, drew my attention to the place
from which it seemed to proceed; it was im-
possible to perceive any thing, though the
disturbance every instant increased in violence.
Israel pointed out to me a well-fur-
nished inn, and assured me the cause of all
this tumult would be satisfactorily explained,
but at the same time earnestly requested me
to moderate any indignant emotions I might
be disposed to indulge. I afterwards found
there was but too much reason for this cau-
tion, as in spite of our acquired and constitu-
tional serenity of mind, there were circum-
stances which of necessity would have awak-
ened my slumbering passions. The house
was one in which numerous meetings were
held, with the avowed purpose of deliberat-
ing not only on the private affairs of the per-
sons present, but also on the concerns of the
whole earth. Strange as the principal may
seem to us, the people of this city have assum-
ed to themselves the right to interfere with
the arrangements of others, and even to dic-
tate the course it is proper for them to pur-
sue. Proudly conscious of their own scheme
of government, and considering their civil in-
stitutions as built upon a rock, they reflect not
that the first century of their existence has not
passed. Modesty is an amiable virtue, and is
as necessary to a nation, as it can be to an in-
dividual, and in some cases even more so.

The company who are now collected, said
Israel, have come together with the design of
discussing the result and probable conse-
quences of the conflict, which now divides the
Mediterranean empire, and covers the Fe-
derative Ocean with blood. Whether from
motives of ostentatious benevolence, or a real
love of liberty, the American people are
strongly infatuated in favor of the Greeks.
It is no uncommon thing to hear persons loud-
ly exclaiming against the Turks, and announc-
ing that the power was given them, not a ves-
tige of these foes to humanity should remain
on earth. Indeed, so far is this passion car-
ried, that there has been found a pious priest,
whose holy impudence led him to declare to
his congregation, "that let a man in life and
practice be ever so moral, and his devotion to
God ever so elevated, the mere circumstance
of his being born a Turk or a Heathen, is evi-
dence that such man is forfeited to eternal
damnation." The individual who made this
bold assertion, and assumed to himself the
prerogative of the Almighty stands eminent
among the advocates of Grecian liberty.

Think not, however, that I mean a general
censure upon all who have taken part in this
cause, such a conclusion would argue a bigo-
try of mind from which we must endeavor to
be free. When I talk display to the the-
atrical and grotesque character of the coun-
try, individuals will appear before us whose
names would do honour to any nation un-
der heaven. Men whose lives, talents, wealth
and reputation have been devoted to the me-
lancholy of the condition of mankind; to their
generous efforts neither colour, nor climate,
have opposed obstacles. They need no pan-
egyric, for their good deeds proclaim their
glory, not to Christians only, but to those who
have been the more immediate objects of
their bounty.

Immediately on the street, there extended
a long room, the furniture of which was of
the plainest character; this was the destined
place of meeting, the narrow limits in which
high intellectual powers were to be concen-
trated. At the north end, is placed a chair
designed for the man who may be designated
as qualified to preside over the important de-
liberations of this august assembly. Before
it stands a table, provided for the convenience
of registering the proceedings, which may be
had in the course of the various discussions
of the evening. At the farther extremity of
the apartment a large number of seats are pro-
vided for the accommodation of such as may
think proper to attend. A very large col-
lection of men were brought together, in con-
sequence of a public notice having been issued
for the purpose. Among them might be found
all classes of society, and a heterogeneous mix-
ture, of every rank and profession, known to
this illustrious people.

But now the proceedings are commenced,
and all the ordinary officers are appointed,
with due solemnity, in order that nothing may
be wanting to give dignity and effect to their
convention. That respectable personage who
sits at the upper end of the table and acts the
moderator in the discussion, is one whose
general occupation is to traffic in the laws of
his country. The habits of intemperance to which
he is the willing slave, have comparative
virtue impressed on his troubled brow, the
deep furrows of anticipated age. Over his
infancy an amiable mother watched, in all
the anxiety of maternal solicitude, in the fond
hope to bend his pliant mind to virtue's path.
All that her narrow means could possibly al-
low was freely bestowed, to fit him for an hon-
ourable career in the world, and for some
time her care did not seem vain. The earlier
period of his life was marked by many cir-
cumstances indicative of the operations of an
intellect, which in its maturity might be des-
tined to some high enterprise of honor. But
it was as a morning in the spring, without a
cloud to mar its serenity, or obscure the bright-
ness of its glory; and ere the mid-day, a low-
ering blackness hung upon the face of nature,
interrupted by the distant thunder.

All his fair promise was blasted in the bloom-
ing, and the expectations of relatives, friends
and acquaintance, were to be disappointed by
the gloomy revels of folly and dissipation.

The unhappy youth entered on the profession
of the law, with well grounded hopes of em-
ployment, and the most flattering prospect of

ultimate success. In the very moment when
every consideration of interest and reputation,
conspired to urge him to the most vigorous
exertion, the temptation was presented, and
he fell to rise no more. Instead of shining as
an ornament in the legislative councils of his
country, or giving stability to the principles of
justice, by the power of his eloquence, we
find him the selected associate of men, whom
to name were pollution to the ear of virtue.

At the midnight hour he silently steals from
the place of unalloyed pleasure, flushed
with wine, and elevated with licentious pas-
sion, to seek that home his crimes have dis-
honoured. Behold him sinking into sleep,
which in its disturbed reveries, is the fit em-
blem of his own tempestuous mind, distract-
ed by conflicting sentiments and feelings.

He who sits in front and appears busily em-
ployed in recording the transactions of the
time, is a man that in his own estimation may
be ranked among the most intelligent, al-
though the rest of mankind have never been
able to discover any thing in him bearing the
least resemblance to either talents or genius.

At most public assemblies, he will be found
intruding elaborate harangues upon the so-
ber judgment of more rational men, and ob-
taining the applause of serious arguments, but
by vulgar satire and libelous sarcasm. The
subject nearest to his heart is the love of popu-
larity, and at its shrine he daily offers up an in-
famous sacrifice of the purest and best prin-
ciples of humanity. In the attainment of this
daring design, the ties of nature, and the in-
fluence of love, present no barrier; they are
trampled in the dust, or made to swell the
triumphs of a master passion. For this the
sacred character of domestic retirement is
violated with unholy zeal, and the goodly fa-
mily of domestic institutions threatened with
destruction. Behold I was deeply in love.

My endeavours for discovering her residence
were for a long time fruitless, but by unre-
mitted enquiry I at last found she lived in
—street. I learned also that she was a
native of New-Orleans, that she had come on
a visit to this city, and expected soon to re-
turn—no time was now to be lost, she would
soon return to her native city and might I
never see her again. I accordingly repaired
to her lodging, and I had the satisfaction of find-
ing her in. I requested the landlady with
whom I was well acquainted to introduce me,
which she did in a very polite manner. The
next morning he left me to strive for my-
self. We engaged ourselves in conversing on
various subjects till the approach of evening
warned me to depart. Never had I passed so
happy an hour. Before I departed I remark-
ed to her that I had some beautiful shawls in
my store and requested she would call the
next day and examine them, she promised she
would, and gently pressing her hand I bade
her farewell. I thought at that moment I ob-
served a tear start into her eye, but I had not
vanity enough to suppose that I was the cause
of it. I returned home that night more deep-
ly in love than ever. It was long ere sleep
visited me, but when it did, it was only to
haunt my imagination with the image of her
who was uppermost in my thoughts. I dream-
ed that I made her an offer of my hand which
she readily accepted, but soon after the nup-
tial knot was tied she departed for her native
city, leaving me behind—this distressed me
and I wept.

The next morning as she prom-
ised she visited my store, but the shawl
by me was forgotten, nor did she appear to
remember it as she did not mention it. Before
the lapse of many minutes I made her an offer
of my hand. Blushingly she said she was sen-
sible of the honour I would confer on her,
but there was an insuperable bar to our union;
she said she was penniless, and that she re-
sided with a maiden aunt who was as destitute
as herself. Charmed by her candour I told
her that my fortune (which was ample) was
sufficient to maintain us, and that I would set-
tle an annual stipend on her for the re-
minder of her life. My dear Sir, she said, she
witnessed the effect my 'generosity' she
termed it, produced on her, you would have
sympathized on it—wiping the tears from her
eyes she put her hand in mine, at the same
time giving me the permission to retain it for-
ever. As my friend concluded he called out in
a loud voice 'Caroline,' upon which a lady,
certainly one of the loveliest I ever beheld,
made her appearance. 'There,' said he, 'is
my lovely Caroline six weeks ago she was
poor and friendless, but now, thank God,
she is rich with disdained on her former po-
verty.' This is one of the many instances in
which persons have felt the shaft of Cupid at
first sight.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON INEBRIETY.

Why should man alone 'fall like Satan,
never to rise again?' The leaf resigns its
hue, the shrub its odour, and the rose its
blooming sweets, full in the confidence of
protecting nature, and returning spring re-
stores their freshness in a new creation.

But alas! the youth that's ruined by in-
temperance, and the consequences that inevi-
tably follow, has no hopes left to brighten to-
morrow's promise, but like a blighted plant,
he needs must wither. This battle more than
any other enemy admits of no effectual re-
sistance.

To Dr. S. —

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am assured, that if men are so simple
To offend was, when they should kneel to peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

As I was going up stairs to visit an old
friend who has recently taken to himself an
helmet, my ears were assailed with the fol-
lowing harsh words:—'You're a villain!
I never did—you are a pest to mankind—I
ought to know what old bachelors are.'
'Marian,' exclaimed my friend, 'you are a
devil—a she wolf—a—' I don't know what
appellation would suit you, but let me inform
you, Marian, that I never did, or never will,
have such a p-d-d substitute for a kind and
affectionate wife.'

'Take that S. R., for your
insolence to our sex,' (and snash went some-
thing which sounded very much like a cup
and saucer.) 'And you, Marian, take that,'
(and snash went something else.)—here I
happened to make a noise, and fearing a dis-
covery, I immediately ascended the stairs—so
putting on a smiling face, I entered the room.

'How do you do, my friend? Single—my dear,
hand Mr. Single a chair.'—Yes, in love,
cries his complying wife. I took a seat, and
unfortunately I sat on a piece of a broken cup,
which made me start rather unceremoniously—
this accident my friend's wife apologized for,
by observing (and here a glance of rank-
ling anger shot from her eyes,) a malicious

malice; they are in truth christians like our-
selves; shall we therefore let the smallfolk in our
power to free them from a slavery the most
direful, and from a fate the most to be de-
plored?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I had occasion to visit the store of a friend
yesterday, whom I had not seen for some time.
After conversing for a considerable time on
various subjects, the conversation changed to
one more congenial to my feelings. He stated
that 'it was possible for a man to become cap-
tivated with a lady at first sight,' and as a con-
firmation of it he told me a story relating to
himself.

'Sitting one day,' said my friend, 'at my
desk which was contiguous to the window,
I observed a young lady, apparently about
eighteen, passing by with a slow and digni-
fied step, her complexion was rather dark
than otherwise, and there was that sweet sil-
lence in her countenance which is so pecu-
liarly charming in a young female—her eyes
were of a deep black, as was her beautiful
hair, which fell in graceful ringlets down her
check. In short she was the most divine crea-
ture I ever beheld—as she passed, I flew to
the door and gazed at her eyes on her as long as
she was in sight, but my fast was of a short
duration, for after having walked some twenty
yards she turned the angle of a street and
was lost to my view. I again returned to my
desk but my avocations gave me no pleasure,
my books were thrown aside, and I resting my
head on my hand I sat musing on the lovely
creature, who, though unconscious of it, had
inspired me with a feeling of which before I
had never been under the influence—my busi-
ness became irksome to me, my nights were
sleepless, in short I was deeply in love.'

My endeavours for discovering her residence
were for a long time fruitless, but by unre-
mitted enquiry I at last found she lived in
—street. I learned also that she was a
native of New-Orleans, that she had come on
a visit to this city, and expected soon to re-
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never to rise again?' The leaf resigns its
hue, the shrub its odour, and the rose its
blooming sweets, full in the confidence of
protecting nature, and returning spring re-
stores their freshness in a new creation.

But alas! the youth that's ruined by in-
temperance, and the consequences that inevi-
tably follow, has no hopes left to brighten to-
morrow's promise, but like a blighted plant,
he needs must wither. This battle more than
any other enemy admits of no effectual re-
sistance.

To Dr. S. —

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am assured, that if men are so simple
To offend was, when they should kneel to peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

As I was going up stairs to visit an old
friend who has recently taken to himself an
helmet, my ears were assailed with the fol-
lowing harsh words:—'You're a villain!
I never did—you are a pest to mankind—I
ought to know what old bachelors are.'

'Marian,' exclaimed my friend, 'you are a
devil—a she wolf—a—' I don't know what
appellation would suit you, but let me inform
you, Marian, that I never did, or never will,
have such a p-d-d substitute for a kind and
affectionate wife.'

'Take that S. R., for your
insolence to our sex,' (and snash went some-
thing which sounded very much like a cup
and saucer.) 'And you, Marian, take that,'
(and snash went something else.)—here I
happened to make a noise, and fearing a dis-
covery, I immediately ascended the stairs—so
putting on a smiling face, I entered the room.

'How do you do, my friend? Single—my dear,
hand Mr. Single a chair.'—Yes, in love,
cries his complying wife. I took a seat, and
unfortunately I sat on a piece of a broken cup,
which made me start rather unceremoniously—
this accident my friend's wife apologized for,
by observing (and here a glance of rank-
ling anger shot from her eyes,) a malicious

malice; they are in truth christians like our-
selves; shall we therefore let the smallfolk in our
power to free them from a slavery the most
direful, and from a fate the most to be de-
plored?

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I had occasion to visit the store of a friend
yesterday, whom I had not seen for some time.
After conversing for a considerable time on
various subjects, the conversation changed to
one more congenial to my feelings. He stated
that 'it was possible for a man to become cap-
tivated with a lady at first sight,' and as a con-
firmation of it he told me a story relating to
himself.

'Sitting one day,' said my friend, 'at my
desk which was contiguous to the window,
I observed a young lady, apparently about
eighteen, passing by with a slow and digni-
fied step, her complexion was rather dark
than otherwise, and there was that sweet sil-
lence in her countenance which is so pecu-
liarly charming in a young female—her eyes
were of a deep black, as was her beautiful
hair, which fell in graceful ringlets down her
check. In short she was the most divine crea-
ture I ever beheld—as she passed, I flew to
the door and gazed at her eyes on her as long as
she was in sight, but my fast was of a short
duration, for after having walked some twenty
yards she turned the angle of a street and
was lost to my view. I again returned to my
desk but my avocations gave me no pleasure,
my books were thrown aside, and I resting my
head on my hand I sat musing on the lovely
creature, who, though unconscious of it, had
inspired me with a feeling of which before I
had never been under the influence—my busi-
ness became irksome to me, my nights were
sleepless, in short I was deeply in love.'

